

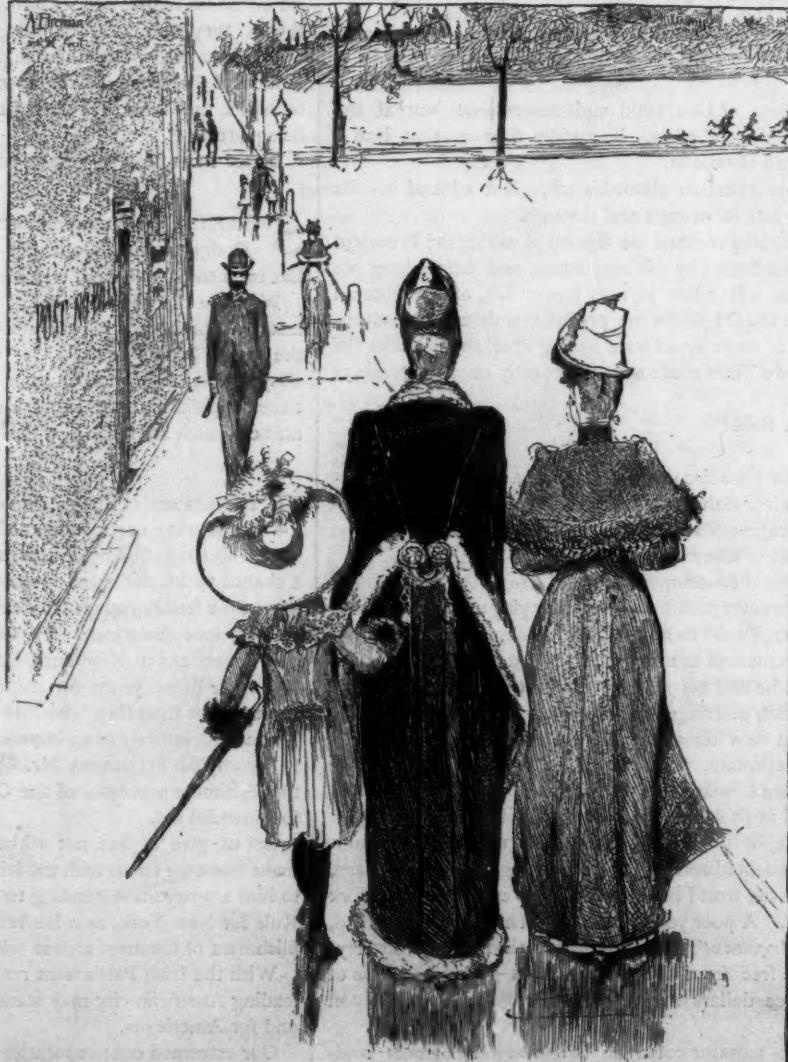
VOLUME VII.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 4, 1886.

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NUMBER 162.



A SENSE OF DECENCY.

Miss Mamie: HERE COMES THAT MR. PARKS. HIS FAMILY ARE AWFULLY COMMON. SHALL WE BOW?

Mamma: NO, MY DEAR; CERTAINLY NOT.

Little Effie (new to the business): I AM GOING TO BOW, MAMMA, OR ELSE SPREAD THIS UMBRELLA.



VOL. VII. FEBRUARY 4, 1886. NO. 162.

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THE editor of that staid and respectable journal, the *New York Tribune*, is rapidly degenerating into a real American Humorist.

There is no imitation about his wit. Not a bit of it. Its the genuine article through and through.

He has actually reached the dignity of calling the President of the United States by his first name, and before long we doubt not he will relate joyfully how "We, of the editorial staff," were wafted down the precipitous descent of seventeen flights of steps by an irate Spring Poet, about whom the aforesaid "we" had made some pleasantly uncomplimentary remarks.

Droll Mr. Reid!

* * *

THE San Francisco *Argonaut* has a hobby which it declares is not the Pope, nor his Irish, nor the denunciation of foreign agitators, nor opposition to the Democracy, gin mills and whiskey shops. It is land.

Our esteemed contemporary would like to see every young man in this country prohibited from marrying until he possesses at least enough land to hold a park bench, freed by law from such inconveniences as mortgages and attachments for debt, upon which he and his *fiancée* could sit on moonlight evenings. In fact, marriage, according to this San Franciscan view, should be a luxury only within reach of the happy possessor of real estate.

This, indeed, would be a millennial state of affairs, and what a load of problems it would solve forsooth!

The crime of poverty could not exist under such circumstances. Indebtedness might become a great evil, it is true, but with all the world land owners, the evil could not work much harm. A poor young man with a million acres of land, under the *Argonaut's* plan, might live through his poverty-stricken life free from the troubles that an indebtedness of two or three dollars might otherwise have brought upon him.

The Irish agitator could no longer agitate against landlords, for he would be a landlord himself, or if not, prohibited

from marriage, his race would shortly die out, he would be filed away in the dictionary of humanity as obsolete, and his crimes would be dead to the world forever.

The only troublesome consequence of such an enactment would be that, in the course of time, the earth would all be bought up. New offenses would be created. Young men would be tempted to buy corner lots with fraudulent intent to marry and sell out, and while it would be an advantage to rid ourselves of the poor, we would, nevertheless, sadly miss them if they were gone.

For instance: what a hardship it would be to aristocratic families if they were cut off from the supply of philanthropy on which they base their claims to brass immortality on public squares.

Better let us stay as we are, friend *Argonaut*.

* * *

PEAKING of brass immortality for philanthropists, the Dodge statue, about the propriety of which there has been some question, was erected as a drinking fountain.

We hope that the Chamber of Commerce people who were instrumental in erecting the statue will shortly see to it that the water begins to flow, for it would be horrible if some unsympathetic newspaper man should draw a parallel between a philanthropist in brass and a drinking fountain that attracts much attention but does not give any water.

* * *

THE citizens of this metropolis have now an opportunity that may never come to them again.

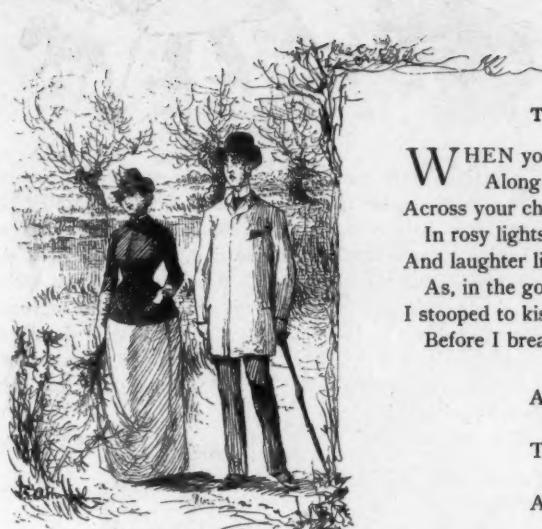
The situation in England, regarding Home Rule, gives us a chance to hit the hated so-called Great Briton and at the same time free ourselves from an oppression which is galling to every true American. To be sure, there are not many true Americans in New York, but there are enough of them to start a great yearn for something better in the way of Government than they have had for several decades.

Speaking entirely in an impersonal sense, we are rich, and to accomplish his desires Mr. Parnell, by common consent the legitimate successor of the O'Toole, has appealed to us for financial aid.

Let us give it, but not without consideration. We can make our own terms with the Irish leader, and if we submit to him a proposition tending to the establishment of Home Rule for New York, as a fair return for our aid in the accomplishment of his most ardent wishes, he cannot refuse.

With the Irish Parliament removed from our City Hall the leading American city may stand a chance of being ruled by and for Americans.

Our esteemed contemporaries may cry chestnut, but we, nevertheless, say *Verb. Sap.*



THWARTED.

WHEN you and I, dear Helen, stepped
Along the windy meadows,
Across your cheek the blushes swept
In rosy lights and shadows,
And laughter lingered on your lips
As, in the good old fashion,
I stooped to kiss your finger-tips
Before I breathed my passion.

Ah, yes, you laughed, and stilled with fear
My heart's too hopeful beating
That roused and stirred as you drew near
And quickened at our meeting.
And so the long day came and went
Till twilight drooped around us,
And Love, despite his sweet intent,
Had left us as he found us !

M. E. W.



THE CHINESE MUST GO.

CUSTOMER (in Chinese laundry): Can you understand English, John?

John: Yep.

Customer: If I leave some collars and cuffs to be done up, when can I get them?

John: Alle yite.

Customer: I want to know when I shall come for them?

John: Yep.

Customer: I must have them not later than Friday afternoon.

John: You takee checkee.

Customer: You pig-tailed linen destroyer, I thought you said you could understand English?

John: Yep.

Customer: Then why in thunder do n't you answer my question?

John: Me undstian English; no speakee. You leave washee?

BUSINESS in astronomical circles is looking up.

AN OLD TIMER—A bull's-eye watch.



IN PH-L-D-L-IA.

Stranger within the gates: THE PEOPLE ABOUT HERE SEEM WELL TO DO; WHY DON'T THEY LIVE IN NEW YORK?

AGREEABLY DISAPPOINTED.

A SAD-FACED country editor, with fringe on the heels of his trousers and the wind sighing mournfully through his whiskers, sat in his sanctum, thinking—thinking.

Presently a shadow fell across the room, and a voice demanded to know if he was the editor.

"Yes, sir," he said, with a look of alarm.

Then the owner of the voice mopped the floor with the editor and went his way.

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed the editor, after he had gathered the wreck of his former self together and had straightened up the furniture, "life is still worth living. I expected every minute that he would tell me to stop his paper."

THE latest "trunk mystery" is how a man can secure a month's board at a first-class hotel on a two-dollar trunk filled with second-hand bricks.



'T IS HERE.

PREPARING for the trade of Spring
 The merchants 'bout do rush,
 And shoppers curse that awful thing
 Denominated slush.
 It's omnipresent—everywhere—
 Around in every street,
 A treacherous, destructive snare
 To the unwary feet.
 The shoppers all at once declare
 They really never saw,
 At any time nor anywhere,
 An awf'ler horrid thaw.
 And gambling men do offer odds
 That when streets flow and ebb,
 And mud doth concentrate in wads,
 We've reached the month of FEB.

* * *

AN exchange announces that Knoxville, Tennessee, is built over a cave and occasionally the bottom of a street drops out.

From a scientific standpoint this is an interesting fact, and one which would have consternated Sir Isaac Newton. The natural course would be, we should think, for the bottom of the street to drop in.

* * *

A TELEGRAPHIC RUMOR.

MRS. EVERETT, of Fremont, Ohio, hid her diamonds, worth \$2,000, in an ash-barrel, and afterwards sold the ashes for five cents a pound.—*Associated Press Dispatch.*

LATER.

Rutherford B. Hayes, of Fremont, Ohio, has made a bid of seven cents a pound for every ash heap in Ohio.—*Ex.*

* * *

AN impecunious ex-President, who desires to be nameless, has bought, with the idea of enriching posterity, a large invoice of pen-holders to leave to his descendants. He expects them to sell for ten or fifteen dollars in the course of a hundred years if the fool-killer is not a little more enterprising.

* * *

THE intelligent youth who wrote the *Times'* criticism on Mr. Stevenson's last book should be retired on full pay.

One of the strongest and most thrilling points in an already strong and thrilling tale brings a smile to the critic's lips, and on the strength of this the situation is condemned.

Mr. Poe should have had this gentleman's risibility for use in his "Imp of the Perverse."

SOME of our readers having expressed a desire to gaze upon the facial lineaments of the celebrated Dr. Pasteur, we have compiled the accompanying gallery at considerable expense for their gratification. It represents to the full the glorious possibilities of American journalism, which in taking such gigantic strides toward the goal of success, trampling down without apparent effort all such details as impossibilities, has shown the effete editors of Eastern nations that American enterprise is bound in the long run to leave them hopelessly in the rear.

The first portrait is from our E. C., the Laramie *Lunge-*



I.



II.

Tester, a humorous periodical which languished in the throes of unsuccess until it joined the Associated Pictorial Press. Its portrait of Dr. Pasteur is placed first because it shows the eminent Inoculist in one of his genial moments—moments when the disposition waxes mellow and when an introduction is apt to be most welcomed.



III.



IV.

The second, from the *Elite News* of the Hub, shows the Doctor more in hours of complete mental repose. In number three, the *Stadts Weisse Brode* of Weehawken gives us an instantaneous photograph of the great scientist taken at the moment when Inoculism ceased to him to be occult.

The last shows the Doctor in his moments of scientific meditation, the time when he is resolving the formulæ of his science, and as it is, after all, as a benefactor to science that he is best known and loved, we venture to reproduce the philanthropic features which thus first saw light in the sprightly columns of the *Bloomingdale Bee*.

J. K. Bangs.



HORS CONCOURS.

Fond Mamma: And, Rosalie, dear, what is the name of this picture?

Rosalie (who speaks French): This is Horse Concours, a concour of horses; a sort of horse show; don't you know, Mamma?

F. M.: Ah! To be sure.

SLURRING A CITY.

“WHAT is the reason you Cincinnati people are always engaged in some riot or other?” asked a stranger.

“I dunno,” said a citizen.

“You can buy beer for three cents a glass, can’t you?”

“Yes.”

“With free lunch thrown in?”

“Yes.”

“Well, what more do you want? Some people are never satisfied. If I should make you a present of a dollar, you would kick because it was n’t two.”

“I’d be willing to split the difference and call it a dollar and a half,” said the maligned Cincinnatian.

A N exchange asks: “What has become of all the talented writers whose bright ideas once sparkled in the columns of the daily press?” A close perusal of the advertising columns of our country exchanges leads to the belief that they are holding editorial positions with patent medicine firms.

“FAITHFUL are the wounds of a friend,’ and there are none more punctiliously given.

LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

"LOVE in a cottage"—blissful thought!
When man and maid are willing;
But after marriage poverty
Turns cooing into billing.



LIFE'S CONUNDRUM—HAPPY LIVING.

A unusually vivid picture of a most interesting woman and unique phase of society is sketched by Kathleen O'Meara in "Madame Mohl: Her Salon and Her Friends" (Roberts Bros). This clever English woman, with a German husband, set up for herself in Paris an intellectual kingdom such as the most brilliant French women hardly equaled. She was in effect the disciple and successor of Madame Récamier. Her philosophy in life was to give pleasure to others, and from her girlhood, at the beginning of the century, to her death a few years ago, when ninety-three, "she managed to be very happy and to escape an hour's *ennui* almost to the very close."

That is a remarkable verdict to pass on any life which fills a measure of even forty years; but when it reaches more than a score of years beyond the mile-stone where all is supposed to be "sorrow and trouble," the record of happiness seems almost unequalled.

* * *

AND what was the secret of it all? She had no great learning, no fixed opinions, no remarkable accomplishment except the power to talk and to make other people talk. She was not beautiful, grand or luxurious, but she drew about her the most learned men of France for almost three-quarters of a century. Her biographer finds the secret of her life in what Renan has called the best practical religion—*la bonne humeur*. She had also "a certain human piety and truthfulness," and was a good daughter, wife and friend, and a reputable member of society.

And yet there are hundreds of melancholy pessimists with nobler creeds!

* * *

READ in contrast "Amiel's Journal" (Macmillan's), recently translated by Mrs. Humphrey Ward. It is the record of an intellectual tragedy. A man of finest intellect and learning has here recorded his inmost feelings. His ideals are most noble, his philosophy is sublime, yet he dies at sixty-one with the full conviction that his life has been a failure.

* * *

WOODROW WILSON'S political essay on "Congressional Government" has already reached a third edition, which is a most gratifying recognition of a remarkable book.

It should be recalled that this is the book which was viciously and ignorantly assailed by the *Tribune*. It is evident

that the literary and political influence of that paper are equally potent.

* * *

TO LIFE's conundrum, "Why not a Consulship for Julian Hawthorne?" the Buffalo *Express* answers, "Because this Government has had an elegant sufficiency of literary consuls." The *Express* has had its judgment warped by certain stories about Bret Harte's Glasgow experience.

If it has not intellectual energy enough to recall how often and how well the United States has been represented abroad by literary men, LIFE won't help it out of its delusions.

Drock.

• NEW BOOKS •

HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED. By a graduate in the University of Matrimony. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Humble Poets. A Collection of Periodical and Newspaper Verse. By Slason Thompson. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.

Society of the Sons of the Revolution. Constitution and Membership Roll. New York: International Bank Note Co.

George Eliot's Two Marriages. An Essay. By Charles Gordon Ames. Philadelphia: G. H. Buchanan & Co.

Evolution and Religion. A Lecture. By Minot J. S. Savage. Philadelphia: G. H. Buchanan & Co.

A SHORT JOURNEY—A triplet.

THE cold in the Western country has been so intense that the cattle trains have been carrying an unusual number of dead-heads.

THE Memoirs of Karoline Bauer, the morganatic spouse of Leopold of Belgium, have been published.

Mrs. L. was undoubtedly a fascinating left Bauer.



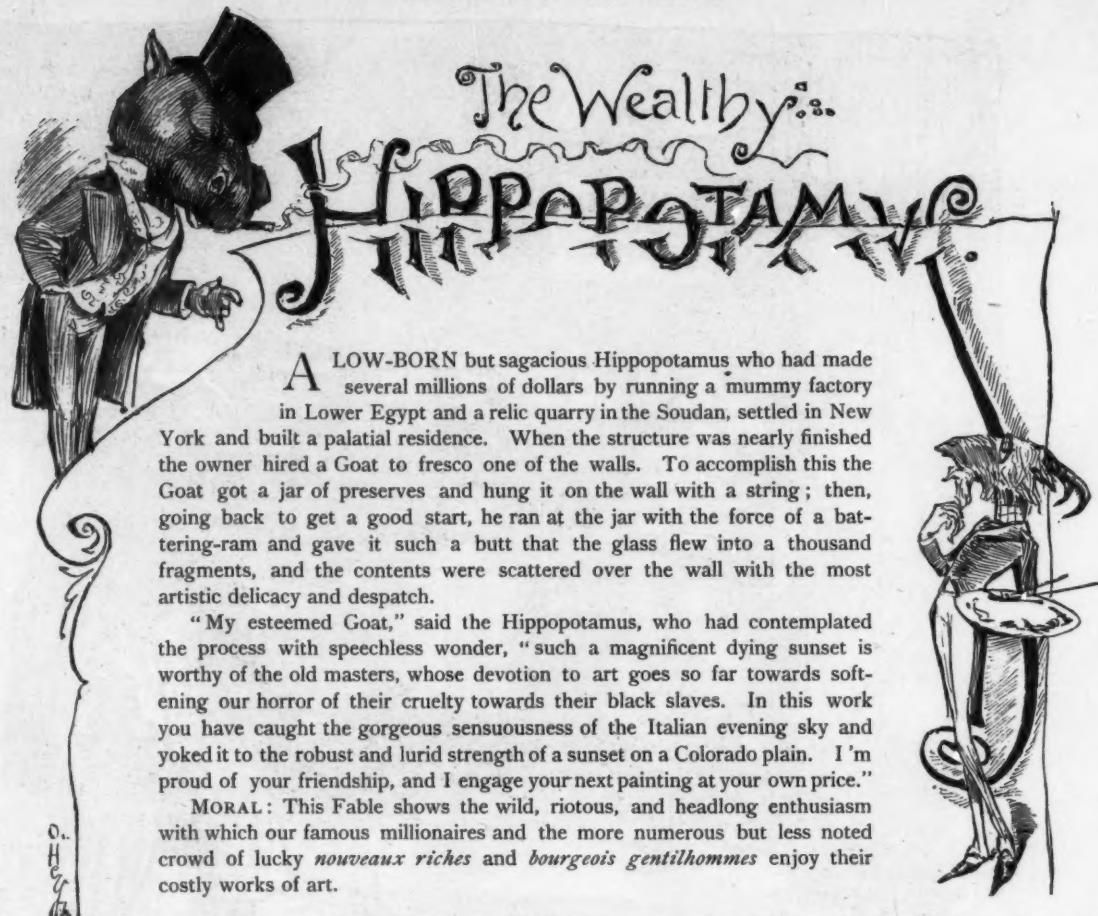
AT SING SING.

Visitor: DO N'T YOU FIND YOUR QUARTERS HERE RATHER CLOSE AND UNCOMFORTABLE?

Convict: OH, NO, I'M USED TO THIS SORT OF THING.

Visitor: AH, I SEE. YOU HAVE BEEN CONFINED FOR A LONG TIME?

Convict: NO, SIR; ONLY A MONTH. BUT BEFORE I CAME HERE I LIVED FOR A NUMBER OF YEARS IN A NEW YORK FLAT.



A LOW-BORN but sagacious Hippopotamus who had made several millions of dollars by running a mummy factory in Lower Egypt and a relic quarry in the Soudan, settled in New York and built a palatial residence. When the structure was nearly finished the owner hired a Goat to fresco one of the walls. To accomplish this the Goat got a jar of preserves and hung it on the wall with a string; then, going back to get a good start, he ran at the jar with the force of a battering-ram and gave it such a butt that the glass flew into a thousand fragments, and the contents were scattered over the wall with the most artistic delicacy and despatch.

"My esteemed Goat," said the Hippopotamus, who had contemplated the process with speechless wonder, "such a magnificent dying sunset is worthy of the old masters, whose devotion to art goes so far towards softening our horror of their cruelty towards their black slaves. In this work you have caught the gorgeous sensuousness of the Italian evening sky and yoked it to the robust and lurid strength of a sunset on a Colorado plain. I'm proud of your friendship, and I engage your next painting at your own price."

MORAL: This Fable shows the wild, riotous, and headlong enthusiasm with which our famous millionaires and the more numerous but less noted crowd of lucky *nouveaux riches* and *bourgeois gentilhommes* enjoy their costly works of art.

ANTHEM.
ADAPTED TO THE DAILY USES OF HARVARD COLLEGE.
BY S. E. T.

FRESHMAN, tell us of your class,—
What its signs of promise are;
Stelliger,* we've "tin" and "brass,"
They will take us anywhere.
Freshman, how about your *nous*,—
Do you think it's over-strong?
Stelliger, do n't be abstruse,
English it, or move along.
Freshman, tell us of your class,—
Is it ignorant of Greek?
Stelliger, do n't be an ass,
"Soft" electives we bespeak.
Freshman, has it come to this,—
Is your Greek elective—eh?
Stelliger, you bet it is,
Latin, too, I'm glad to say.

* Deceased alumnus.

Freshman, tell us of your class,—
Does it not all run to brawn?
Stelliger, "turn off your gas,"
See, the day begins to dawn.
Freshman, then depart in peace:
Hie unto thy sumptuous room.
Stelliger, your maunderings cease:
Tumble back into your tomb.

WILLING TO TAKE A HAND.

"WHAT do you mean by a gentleman's game of poker?" asked a Western citizen, who is in town buying hardware. "Any different from the reg'lar game?"
"We take each other's word for what we've got, and do n't have to show down."
"Is that so?" said the Westerner, beginning to get excited. "Give me twenty dollars' worth of chips."

"ALL men are born free and equal," but the difficulty is that some are born equal to half a dozen others.



THE SUPPLY EXCEEDS THE DEMAND

LIFE .



EXCEEDS THE DEMAND.

A DEFINITION.

PRAY what do you mean by "Respectability?" Is 't wisdom or worth, sir, rank or gentility? Is it rough common-sense; or a manner refined? Is it kindness of heart; or expansion of mind? Is it learning, or talent, or honor or fame? That you mean by the term so expressive in name? No, no, these are not the things now in vogue, For a "respectable" man may be a great rogue; A "respectable person" may be a great fool, And have lost all the little he picked up at school; Be a glutton, or robber, or deep drowned in debt; May forfeit his honor; his best friend forget; May be a base sycophant, tyrant, or knave, But a livery servant at least he must have; In view he might vie with the vilest of sinners; But he must keep a cook and give capital dinners.

F. J. Hamilton.



AN inky youth of undeniable immaturity sat in the reading-room of one of the uptown hotels the other night. Before him was a small pile of metal stencil plates, an ink-soaked brush, and a sheet of straw-colored paper. I noticed the young man's lofty forehead, the eyes gleaming with cultured intelligence, and the soft, white fingers upon which the ink rested lovingly. Then I saw him select a stencil plate from the little brassy mound, impress its design upon the sheet, fill in a few names with a pen, confide the paper to an envelope, call a messenger boy and despatch him post-haste to the other end of the island.

"That is my dramatic criticism of Mme. Blank's performance to-night," he kindly informed me. "Phew! It's hard work. I wish some easier means of producing criticisms could be invented." The youth, seeing my unutterably ignorant expression, deigned to be more explicit. He ventured to explain that by means of the stencil plates tragedy, comedy, farce or burlesque could be criticised with equal facility. A few set phrases, known by long experience to be popular with the critics of to-day, had been cut into the metal, and all that was necessary for a given performance was to select the appropriate plate, and fill in the names of a few members of the company. It was simple, but he hoped in time to hear of something even more simple. I copied the words from a few of the stencil plates, and heartily endorsing their admirable ingenuity, quote them here below:

Popular Tragédienne.—Madame . . . appeared last night at the . . . Theatre before a large and distinctly

fashionable audience, who greeted the fair artist enthusiastically. She rather coldly bowed her acknowledgments. Mme. . . . thrilled all present with the wild intensity of the grief she displayed in the scene with . . . and the reckless *abandon* of her attitudes were triumphs of histrionic art.

American Actress Returned from Europe.—Miss . . . has come back to us, after triumphs abroad. We are sorry to say that we see nothing suggestive of improvement in her methods. The adulation of peers has not been beneficial. She apes English intonation, English gestures and an English bearing. A twitching of the left eye-lid, which we have frequently noticed in London, is particularly objectionable in this democratic country, and Miss . . . has adopted it with her other affectations.

Burlesque Actress.—We are grieved to say that Miss . . . came forward last night in a peculiarly indelicate attire. The ten-button glove she wore failed to meet her sleeve by at least two inches, thus revealing the bare arm. We submit that this is pandering with a vengeance to the prurient tendency of the nineteenth century. Some clergyman should take up the subject. Burlesque must go.

New Tragedian.—It was distinctly apparent last night that Mr. . . . was a weak imitation of Irving. But it was soon seen that the careful attention to detail which the English actor has immortalized was wholly unknown to the new aspirant. Mr. . . . actually wore cuffs which had been turned; the name in his hat was conspicuously not Lincoln & Bennett; and his gloves split the first time he put them on. And yet, we are told, Mr. . . . hopes to become known as a tragedian. Our pen wearis of chronicling such unwarranted absurdity.

Fashionable Comedian.—Mr. . . . cannot hope to secure our endorsement of his performance last night. His allusions were insufferably broad and his slang terrible. The audience seemed thunderstruck at his daring exclamations. We submit that such phrases as "Goodness gracious!" "Dear me!" and more especially "Oh, my!" are disgustingly unsuited to modern ears. Will parents take their children to theatres where such unbridled liberties of language are permitted?

Alan Dale.



CHEERFUL THOUGHT.

Party on horseback (who has driven ten miles or more through the snow): I WONDER IF THERE'S ICE CREAM FOR DESSERT TO-DAY?

ASHES.

HERE are ashes in the bin
(At the door),
Which a perforated tin
Covers o'er;
On the novel's ruby type
Flutter ashes from his pipe,
And he knocks them with a swipe
To the floor.

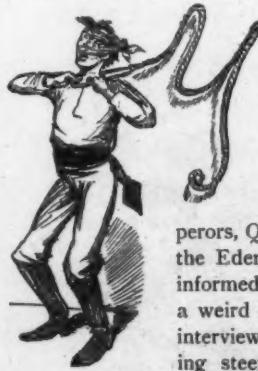
There are ashes of his bills
In the grate,
In his thoughts are ashen ills
Of his fate,
As he dreams of darling Bess,
Of her gaudy-patterned dress,
Of her smile and her caress
At the gate.

But her love in ashes lies;
And I fear
Some one else has drawn the prize,
For I hear
That the Mayor kissed her cheek
Seven days from Thursday week,
While the bridegroom (gay and meek)
Stood the beer.

De Witt Sterry.

EDEN MUSÉE POTENTATES.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL FRIEND OF THE CROWNED HEADS.)



OUR correspondent, having missed the Liverpool ferry in time to see Her Majesty before going to press, took in all Europe and some sections of the Western Hemisphere at one dose, by proxy. There was a meeting of wax Emperors, Queens, Murderers, Poets, etc., at the Eden Musée, the correspondent was informed, and thither he repaired. It was a weird hour of the night for such an interview—the clock in several neighboring steeples had been striking twelve for at least half an hour—but newspaper men are, as a rule, weird sort of fellows, to which your correspondent is no exception. Upon my arrival the statues were taking their *dolce far niente*, and I mixed in with them and talked as familiarly with them as if I had paid my way in. The baptism of the Infant Great-Grand Prince of Germany was temporarily suspended, and Mr. Hohenzollern had gone out with Mr. Margrave of Brandenburg for a turn on Madison Square. The angel who had been tied over the scene all day on a piece of clothes line was an entire stranger to me, but Germania, who, when I had seen her last, was holding one end of the flag in which the Infant reclined, vowed very

openly to me that if she'd known before how long it took to baptize those Eden Musée babies she'd never have hired out as a nurse.

Over on the other side of the room was the dead Napoleon, sitting up and limbering up his limbs in such a manner as



"LIMBERING UP HIS LIMBS."

proved that a previous remark of mine, that it was time he was buried, was premature. He was engaged in a quarrel with his family, regardless of the fate which his son was meeting at the hands of two chestnut ruffians in the next room. The Empress was chiding him for being dissatisfied with his quarters. It was a great sight more comfortable to lie on a couch and play dead for two years than lean on a *prie dieu* for that length of time waiting for the undertaker, in full view of a plebeian public.

Napoleon I., who was sitting in a bronze chair in the hallway, apparently longing for news of the death of his imitation successors, complained bitterly because the sculptor who cast his garments for him had n't buttoned them up over his chest, and that whenever the door opened he caught a gust of Twenty-third street climate that was worse than Moscow.

It was a relief to turn from this scene to where Captain Williams was guarding a private box full of potentates from Europe. Victoria and the Pope were carrying on a furious flirtation, while the Sultan of Turkey was gazing on the group of ladies opposite. Gambetta and Gortschakoff were having a posthumous wrestling match in the doorway, while old Guelphy Wales, true to nature, was showing off a suit of clothes and wondering how he could pay for them if the old lady didn't ante up.

Seeing Washington over on the other side, I went over to help him out of his navy, which he had just brought across the Delaware. George told me that if he'd known what the truth act would bring on him he'd never have troubled it. "Look at me!" he said. "Never told a lie in my life, and doomed to cross a paper Delaware in a pasteboard boat, glass ice and cotton snow every day of my life for two whole years. What's it all for! George Washington, the hero who never lied, turned into bee's wax effigy, whose clothes don't fit and whose boots are only real on the public side."

"Well, what of it?" said a bilious-looking gentleman, wearing a chest-protector numbered three as a means of identification. "You don't have to stand around all day

hearing Hayes wonder where his hens are, and Jimmy Polk asking Tyler to move over and give him more room, the way I have."

"I do n't, eh? I suppose that is n't me in there with you President fellows? I have to do double duty, and that's



VICTORIA AND THE POPE WERE FLIRTING.

what's the matter. There are n't clothes enough around here to fit all of me. In that political atmosphere with you I'm roasted to death, while out here I'm dying with the cold. This Eden Musée management don't strike a decent average on clothes, Jefferson, and that's cold fact."

"You go long. You're the Father of your country, and can stand it. I'm not even an uncle, and have to stand there listening to all sorts of comments from all sorts of people. The other day a Democrat stopped in front of me and commenced to talk of Jeffersonian simplicity. Says the Democrat: 'He is a simple-looking old galoot, is n't he, Jim?' 'Simple,' says Jim; 'simple's too mild. Say idiotic!' And I could n't kick the man without taking off my leg. This I could stand, too;

but when the boss came along last night and stuck a pair of red whiskers on me and labeled me the famous Inoculist, M. Pasteur, I thought the climax was capped."

This was too harrowing to listen to, and I sought diversion in the Chamber of Horrors. There the horse thief was resting his neck while in pleasant converse with his slayers, who had humanely placed a step-ladder beneath his feet. The settler whom the Indian was scalping was complaining that this was the longest hair cut he ever had, and while the decapitated individual was explaining to me that he was confused and had lost his head, a gong rung and the whole company congealed once more into tableaux.

When I left, the baptism had been resumed, Napoleon had begun his arduous labors as a corpse, and the originator of the Declaration had let his jaw drop and resumed his Jeffersonian simplicity once again.

Washington started off for another day's cruise over the Delaware and ex-President Arthur's complaints at having but a single suit of clothes per day were hushed.

As the door-closed behind me I heard the horse thief apply to the management for a new neck, and the decapitated gentleman was discharged for refusing to remove his head.

Carlyle Smith.

CONSISTENCY.

THE *Sun* of Friday chides the *Sun* of Thursday for printing two despatches in regard to Gens. Grant and Halleck, and casts doubt upon their genuineness.

This reminds us of the man who soliloquized thus: I'm a liar, and I can prove it!



GRIEF.

Daughter: I AM SO SORRY TO BE GOING BACK TO TOWN FOR THE WINTER, WE WERE SO NICELY FIXED OUT THERE; AND THEN AUNT SOPHY'S DEATH, AND ALL.

Mamma: IT IS YOUR AUNT SOPHY'S DEATH, DEAR, THAT ENABLES US TO SPEND THE WINTER IN TOWN. BEING IN MOURNING WE ARE NOT EXPECTED TO ENTERTAIN AND CAN DO IT UP CHEAPLY.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Jim Benson, Chicago, Ill.: "Can *Texas Siftings* tell me what is the rate of interest when distance lends enchantment to the view?"

The enchantment that is lent to our view by the fact that such a smart Aleck as you are lives over 1,000 miles distant is worth at least two per cent. a month.

Paul F., Wilmington, Del.: "What can I do for a cat that kills chickens?"

You can do quite a number of things for a cat that kills chickens. You can kill the chickens for her yourself, or you can treat her as one of the family, or you can buy her an annuity, but we think you had better take her out to the wood shed and saw off her head.

Benj. B. Dawson, Macon, Ga.: "Is land high in Texas? Is the State settling up fast?"

Some of it is, and some of it is not. In the western part it towers up to the height of 600 hundred feet above sea level, but down in some parts of eastern Texas it is pretty flat and low, kept down probably with the weight of the mortgages on it. In answer to your second question we can truthfully say that Texas is settling up very fast, but we cannot say as much for some of the inhabitants.—*Texas Siftings*.

THE MINSTREL'S FAITHFUL FRIEND.

"FATHER, what is a phenomenon?" asked little Johnny McSwilligen, as he was looking over his spelling lesson last night.

"A phenomenon, Johnny, is a man who never says 'chestnut' when you tell him a joke," was the reply.—*From the Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph*.

GERMAN BUREAUCRACY AND RED TAPE.

THE widow of a German army officer went to the pension office for the purpose of drawing her pension. She presented the usual certificate of the mayor of her village to the effect that she was still alive.

"This certificate is not right," said the doctor.

"What is the matter with it?"

"Because it bears the date of December 21st, but your pension was due December 15th."

"What kind of a certificate do you want?"

"We must have a certificate that you were alive on the 15th day of December. Of what use is this one that says you were alive on the 21st day of December—six days later?"—*Dutch Joke*.

"SHINE 'em uppa?" said an Italian bootblack to Pat, just landed.

"Phat's the charge?" asked Pat.

"Five centa."

"Begorra," said Pat, as he seated himself in the chair, "it is a foine country, Ameriky, where a poor Oirishman can get his boots blacked by a gentlemon wid goold rings in his ears."—*New York Sun*.

ANXIOUS TO HEAR IT ALL.

"WHAT'S going on to-night?" asked a countryman at the box office.

"Pantomime," replied the ticket seller.

"All right. Give me a seat as near the stage as you kin, as I am a leetle deaf."—*New York Times*.

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Willie: "P-e-d-a-g o-g-u-e, pedagogue."

Teacher: "That's right; now I want you to define the word."

Willie gives it up.

Teacher: "Now try and think; you must surely know what that word means. I am a pedagogue."

Willie still gives it up, but little Clarence, not a usually bright scholar, raises his right hand, snaps his fingers and gives the teacher to understand that he knows the meaning of the word.

Teacher: "Well, Clarence, you show Willie that you are able to define pedagogue."

Clarence: "Yes, ma'am; it means old maid."

Teacher: "We will now turn to our arithmetic lesson." —Ex.

In a Chicago court the other day a lawyer jumped to his feet, and, pulling a roll of bills from his pocket, said: "I desire to pay this Court \$5 for the privilege of telling it that it is either drunk or corrupt." The judge told the lawyer that he could deposit the money and leave the room. —Ex.

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WHAT IS EXPECTED OF A JOURNALIST.

Mrs. X. (in an aggrieved tone): This is the fifth day in succession I have looked over the "DIED" column and I have not seen the name of a single person I know.

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